



THE VOYAGE.

ON the 3rd of May last, I left Southampton in the s.s. *Spartan* for Cape Town. This three weeks' ocean voyage has become one of the most enjoyable it is possible to take by those who are seeking health or pleasure on the sea. The steamers of the great companies, which carry on so admirably the weekly communication between England and South Africa, are so powerful, handsome, and commodious, their captains and crews are so attentive and obliging, their food and cabin accommodation so ample and luxurious, that it seems impossible for anyone, excepting a confirmed grumbler, to

find any reasonable fault with any of their arrangements, where all are so good. Passengers will select the particular vessel by which they desire to travel, rather by the convenience of the date fixed for sailing, than from any particular choice of the name of the steamer, either belonging to the Castle Mail Packet Company, the Union Steamship Company, or any other line.

A sea voyage of the kind I have recently taken does not give opportunity for much striking incident, or exciting variety. If restful and pleasant to those who are escaping for a while from the bustle and turmoil of life on shore, it is at all events bound to be somewhat monotonous, in spite of the many amusements which are daily arranged, including cricket, tennis, quoits, concerts, dances, etc., of which I experienced a fair share. On many occasions I was called upon to preside at concerts,

lectures, etc., not only amongst the saloon passengers, but also in the third class cabin. A rough voyage across the Bay of Biscay, a view of the Tagus, a brief run on shore to look at the picturesque capital of Portugal, a gaze at the spot, which marks the memory of the scene of the fearful earthquake of 1755, which destroyed most of the town, and 50,000 of its inhabitants ; a short stay at the lovely island of Madeira, sufficient to glance at its beautiful scenery, to breathe its balmy air, to taste its delicious fruits, and to land at its pretty town of Funchal, to see some of its charming surroundings ; a passing peep at Teneriffe, which is now receiving so much attention in Europe as an attractive health resort ; a few days' run of exhausting heat through the tropics ; a visit to Saint Helena, enough to allow of a drive to Longwood, and a look at the room, where the first Napoleon

breathed his last—leaving there the legacy of the shadow of a mighty name to all time—on this “lonely rock in the Atlantic”; a few days more of solitary sailing over a stormy sea, a daily look-out for whales, porpoises, dolphins, flying fish, sharks, and albatrosses; a glance upward, night after night, into the starry sky, to gaze on the Southern Cross, so much belauded, and yet so disappointing in its appearance, after the extravagant encomiums lavished on it; and at length, on the early morning of May 24, I safely reached Cape Town.





CAPE TOWN.

To produce the most favourable impression of any new place, it is essential that it should be seen for the first time in fine weather. Places look so very different under a canopy of cloud, and, perhaps, a deluge of rain, or when they are bathed in the sunshine of a beautiful day. Happily for me, my first view of Cape Town was under the latter genial aspect. I need scarcely say, that I was, in consequence, quite charmed with my first sight of this celebrated town, the seat of Government of the Cape Colony. What made the scene more than usually striking to a traveller, fresh from the

sea, was, that it was the Queen's birthday, and the day dawned with a most perfect specimen of "Queen's weather." Cape Town was literally *en fête*. The inhabitants thronged the streets. I was astonished at the great variety of gay costumes among the motley crowd—English, Dutch, Germans and French, Malays, Indian Coolies, Kafirs, and Hottentots—a tremendous gathering, in fact, of all nations, and "all sorts and conditions of men." There was a grand review of all the military branches of the Service, in which His Excellency the Administrator, General Smyth, surrounded by a brilliant staff, received the homage due to the British flag; and, as her representative on this occasion, to Her Majesty's honoured name. The review was followed by a regatta in the afternoon. It was quite refreshing to a new arrival, like myself, to observe the enthusiastic evidences of loyal feeling everywhere exhibited



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

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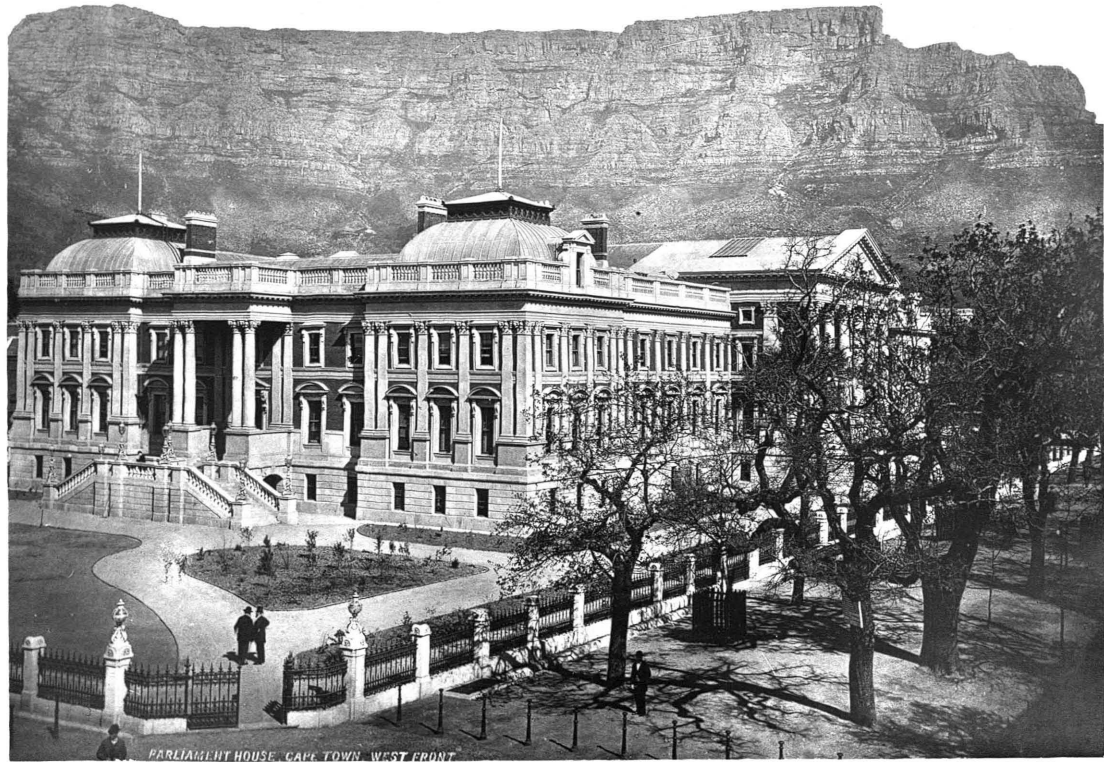
in the capital of the Colony to our Queen, the beloved and venerated head of the British Empire.

Before commencing my long and interesting tour "up country," I spent a few most pleasant days at Cape Town. My impressions of it, and of its beautiful surroundings, could not fail to be most favourable. The panoramic view of its approach from Table Bay, at the foot of Table Mountain, is very fine. The town itself appeared to me much cleaner, and brighter than I expected to see it, although, it must be admitted, there is still considerable room for improvement in its sanitary arrangements, and also in the accommodation, and condition of its hotels, to make them as attractive as they ought to be. The best of them do not come at all up to our standard at home, nor to our English ideas of comfort and convenience. A great improvement in these respects, I am

satisfied, is not only necessary, but would pay well, and induce a far larger number of visitors to stay at Cape Town, and avail themselves of its attractions of climate, and fine surroundings.

While I was at Cape Town, I visited among other places, the House of Parliament, the Observatory, the South African Museum, the Public Library, the Botanic Gardens, &c.

The House of Parliament, which was opened for public use in 1885, is a very handsome building, having a frontage of 264 feet, and is divided into a central portico, leading into the grand vestibule, the two debating chambers, and side pavilions. The portico, which is of massive dimensions, is approached by a commanding flight of granite steps, which runs round three sides of it. The pavilions are relieved by groups of pilasters with Corinthian capitals, and are surmounted by domes and



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN, WEST FRONT

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

ventilators. The whole of the ground floor up to the level of the main floor has been built of Paarl granite, which is obtained from the neighbouring district of that name. The upper part of the building is of red brick, relieved by pilasters and window dressing of Portland cement, the effect being very pleasing to the eye. The interior accommodation for the business of the two Legislative bodies is most complete, and arranged with a careful view to comfort and convenience. In addition to the Debating Chambers, which are sixty-seven feet in length by thirty-six feet in width, there is a lofty hall of stately appearance, with marble pillars, and tessellated pavement, which forms the central lobby, or grand vestibule. I might mention, that the debating chambers are only ten feet in length and width less than the British House of Commons. Adjoining the central lobby is the parliamentary library, a

large apartment, with galleries above each other reaching to the full height of the building. The usual refreshment, luncheon, and smoking rooms have not been forgotten, in connection with the comfort of the members. The public are accommodated in roomy galleries, and ample provision has been made for ladies, distinguished visitors, and the press. The portrait of Her Majesty, and the Mace at the table reminds one forcibly of the fact that one is still in a portion of the British Empire. The total cost of the building, including furniture, was £220,000.

I attended two or three debates in the House of Parliament, and was much impressed with the manner in which, in this superb and commodious legislative chamber, the discussions were carried on. There was a quiet dignity of debate, as well as business-like capacity and orderly tone, observed on both sides of the House,

which might be copied with advantage, as it is in striking contrast to much of the practice, in the Parliament of Great Britain. It is certainly satisfactory to notice, that the modern manners and customs, in the popular branch of our own ancient national assembly, which so frequently fail in orthodox propriety, have not been initiated in the Cape Colony.

At the Record Office attached to the House of Parliament, I went into the vaults, and inspected the early manuscripts of the Dutch, during their original occupation of the Cape of Good Hope. These are most deeply and historically interesting, and valuable. The minute accuracy, with which every incident is recorded is most remarkable. There are bays in these vaults, filled with records, which must be of priceless value to an historical student, and they are now in course of arrangement by the able librarian, Mr. H. C. V.

Leibbrandt, who is the author of a most interesting work entitled "Rambles through the Archives of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope."*

At the South African Museum I found a valuable collection of beasts, birds, fishes, &c., not only from South Africa, but from various parts of the world. The collection has been enriched by valuable contributions from Mr. Selous, the distinguished African traveller, and sportsman, his donations consisting chiefly of big game, including two gigantic elands, (male and female), buffaloes, antelopes, &c. The series of birds comprises the large number of two thousand species.

A visit of great interest to me was to the South African Public Library, which boasts of about 50,000 volumes, *and embraces every branch of science and literature. It contains

* The First Series was published in 1887.

three distinct collections, viz., the Dessinian, the Grey, and the Porter. The first-named was bequeathed to the Colony in 1761 by Mr. Joachim Nicholas Von Dessin, and consists of books, manuscripts and paintings. The Porter collection took its name from the Hon. William Porter, and was purchased from the subscriptions raised for the purpose of procuring a life-size portrait of that gentleman, in recognition of his services to the Colony. As, however, Mr. Porter declined to sit for his portrait, the amount subscribed was appropriated to the purchase of standard works, to be known as the Porter Collection. By far the most valuable, however, is the Grey Collection, numbering about 5,000 volumes, and occupying a separate room. These were presented by Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape Colony from 1854 to 1859, and still an active member of the New Zealand House of Representatives. Here are many rare

manuscripts, mostly on vellum or parchment, some of them of the tenth century, in addition to a unique collection of works relating to South Africa generally.

Among the places of worship in Cape Town the most important are St. George's Cathedral, which was built in 1830, and is of Grecian style of architecture, and accomodates about 1,200 persons; and the Dutch Reformed Church, which possesses accomodation for 3,000 persons, and is not unappropriately named the Colonial Westminster Abbey. Beneath its floors lie buried eight Governors of the Colony, the last one being Ryk Tulbagh, who was buried in 1771.

No account of Cape Town would be complete without a reference to the important Harbour Works, and Breakwater, which at once attract the attention of the visitor, and which have been in course of erection for several years

past, from the designs of Sir John Coode. These works have been of the greatest importance in extending, and developing the commercial advantages of the port. The Graving Dock now named the Robinson, after the late Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, was formally opened during the year 1882, and it so happened that the first vessel to enter it was the *Athenian*, in which I returned to England, at the termination of my tour. The whole of the works connected with the building of the Docks and Breakwater reflect credit upon all who have in any way been engaged upon their construction. The amount expended on them up to the end of 1887 was £1,298,103.

Before leaving Cape Town, at the invitation of the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Wells, I paid a visit to Simon's Town, the chief naval station of the colony. The railway

runs at present as far as Kalk Bay, which takes about an hour to get to from Cape Town. Kalk Bay is a pleasant seaside resort for the inhabitants of the colony, the air being regarded as particularly invigorating. The remaining distance of six miles to Simon's Town is performed in a Cape cart, which is a most comfortable vehicle on two wheels, drawn by two horses with a pole between them, and covered with a hood, as a protection from the weather. The scenery from the Kalk Bay station to Simon's Town is very picturesque. A bold sea stretches out on one side of the road, and the mountain on the other. Amongst other things which attracted my attention at Simon's Town was the Dockyard, which embraces about a mile of the foreshore, and contains appliances for repairing modern war vessels, a repairing and victualling depôt, and a patent slip, capable of lifting vessels of about

900 tons displacement. I went with the Admiral, and a party of ladies to have luncheon on board the Steam Corvette *Archer*.

Simon's Bay is very sheltered, excepting from the south-east, with good holding anchorage ground. It seems a quiet, secluded spot, well-adapted for a naval station in this part of the world, although I have heard that an opinion prevails that the fleet should be at Cape Town instead of Simon's Bay. The *Raleigh* is the flag-ship. I saw also some other vessels of the Royal Navy at anchor in the bay. The fortifications which are now in progress for the protection of this important point in our chain of defences will, when completed, render the place practically impregnable from sea attack.

Some of the most beautiful coast scenery I have ever seen is to be found in that very lovely drive by Sea Point to Hout's Bay, and thence back to Cape Town by Constantia and

Wynberg. This is a celebrated excursion, and well deserves the praises bestowed upon it. The road has been admirably constructed by convict labour.

A very convenient short line of railway also brings within easy reach of the inhabitants of Cape Town the pretty villages of Mowbray, Rondebosch, Rosebank, Newlands, Wynberg, Constantia, &c., where, in charming villas and other residences, so many of the wealthier classes reside. At Constantia the principal wine farms are situated, the most noted being the Groot Constantia (the Government farm) and High Constantia. Constantia wine can only be produced on these farms. Another farm in this neighbourhood is "Witteboomen," which is particularly noted for its peaches, there being over one thousand trees on the farm, in addition to many other kinds of fruit, Another one, and probably the largest in the

district, is named "Sillery." Here not many years ago the ground was a wilderness, but it has now attained a high state of perfection, there being at least 140,000 vines and hundreds of fruit trees of all kinds, under cultivation.

At Cape Town I received the first proofs of the kind and lavish attentions which everywhere in South Africa were subsequently bestowed upon me. From everyone, without exception—from His Excellency the Administrator and Mrs. Smyth, and the members of his staff—from all the public men and high officials—from members of the Cape Government, and from the leaders of the Opposition, besides from innumerable private friends, Dutch and English alike, I received such cordial tokens of goodwill, that I can only express my deep sense of appreciation of their most genial and friendly hospitality. I bid adieu to Cape Town (which I was visiting for the first time

in my life) with the conviction that I was truly in a land, not of strangers, but of real friends, who desired to do everything in their power to make my visit to South Africa pleasant and agreeable to me; and this impression I carried with me ever afterwards at every place I visited during the whole of my tour.

On Wednesday, May 29, I left Cape Town at 6.30 p.m. for Kimberley, passing Beaufort West, the centre of an extensive pastoral district, and De Aar, the railway junction from Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. This journey is a long one, of between 600 and 700 miles, and of some forty-two hours by railway. I travelled all through that night, and the whole of the next day, through the most remarkable kind of country I ever saw. Flat, and apparently as level, as a bowling-green (although we were continually rising from

our starting-point at Cape Town to a height at Kimberley of about 3,800 feet above the sea), a sandy and dreary desert, with occasionally low, and barren hills in the far distance—not a tree to be seen, and scarcely any vestige of vegetation, excepting now and then, a few of the indigenous *Mimosa* shrubs, which, for hundreds of miles, grow fitfully on this desolate soil. This is the wonderful tract of country called the Great Karoo. Not a sign of animal life is to be detected, at this period of the year. During the summer months it affords pasturage for large flocks of sheep. It is a vast interminable *sea of lone land*, over which the eye wanders unceasingly during the whole of the daylight hours.





KIMBERLEY.

AFTER another long night in the railway train, at noon on the second day, after leaving Cape Town, I reached the celebrated diamond town of Kimberley, the population of which consists of about 6,000 Europeans, with a native population estimated at about 10,000, chiefly concentrated in the mining area.

On my arrival at the railway station, I was met by the Mayor, and a deputation of the residents of the town. At a conversazione held later, and which was attended by over four hundred ladies and gentlemen, the following address was presented to me by the

Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute resident
at Kimberley and Beaconsfield :—

“ Kimberley, *June 1st*, 1889.

“ TO SIR FREDERICK YOUNG, K.C.M.G.

“ A Vice-President of the Royal Colonial
Institute.

“ DEAR SIR,—We, the Fellows of the Royal
Colonial Institute, resident in the towns and
mining centres of Kimberley, and Beaconsfield,
South Africa, cordially welcome your arrival
amongst us.

“ We are persuaded that your visit to this
distant part of Her Majesty's Dominions has
been undertaken, not merely for personal
pleasure, but also on behalf of the great and
growing need for the consolidation and expansion
of colonial interests throughout the Empire.

“ We feel that your own career has been an
important factor in the formation of a sound
public opinion on this subject, and that it is

largely through your patient and far-seeing efforts, that the Royal Colonial Institute has attained its present proud position amongst the various influences, moulding, organising, and guiding the life and destinies of Her Majesty's Colonial Empire.

“We believe the present time to be vitally important in the history of Her Majesty's Dominions in South Africa. The tide of confederation, and corporate union is manifestly rising, the wave of extended British influence is flowing northwards, the various nationalities and states of this vast country are educating themselves by experience to see the folly and sterile weakness of isolation, and are learning to realise the inherent strength, and vitality of mutual co-operation, based on a self respecting, yet unselfish responsibility to South Africa as a whole.

“We venture to suggest that this growing

feeling for co-operation will prove a valuable element in the growth, and formation in the near future, of one Grand Confederation of all countries and peoples, owing allegiance to, or claiming corporate alliance with, Her Britannic Majesty's Empire.

“We rejoice, as members of the Royal Colonial Institute, that your personal merits and public career have been recognised by Her Majesty in the honour conferred upon you, which we trust you will enjoy for many years.

“Coming amongst us as a Vice-President of our own Institute, your presence symbolises to us the aspiration, radiant in hope, and prophetic in promise, which animates all true and loyal subjects of Her Majesty, and which is alone worthy of our past history, and present responsibilities—the aspirations of a strong and united people for a vigorous, and progressive ‘United Empire.’”

To anyone visiting, for the first time, this great centre of the diamond industry of South Africa the scene is most extraordinary. The excitement and bustle, the wild whirl of vehicular traffic, the fearful dust, the ceaseless movement of men and women of all descriptions, and of every shade of complexion and colour, are positively bewildering. The thoughts of everybody appear to be centred in diamonds, and the prevailing talk and speech are accordingly. Being the recipient, myself, of the most kind attention and genial and generous hospitality, my stay was most agreeable, and pleasant. Great facilities were afforded me for seeing everything connected with this wonderful industry, and satisfying myself, that there are no present signs of its being exhausted or "played out." Indubitable evidences were given me, that diamonds continue to be found in as large quantities as ever. They appeared to me to be "as plentiful as blackberries."

At the Bultfontein Mine I descended to the bottom of the open workings in one of the iron buckets, used for bringing up the "blue ground" to the surface. This is rather a perilous adventure. To go down by a wire rope, some five or six hundred feet perpendicular into the bowels of the earth with lightning rapidity, standing up in an open receptacle, the top of which does not approach your waist, oscillating like a pendulum, while you are holding on, "like grim death" by your hands, is something more than a joke. It certainly ought not to be attempted by anyone who does not possess a cool head and tolerable nerve.

Here I saw multitudes of natives employed,—as afterwards in the De Beer's, the Kimberley, and other diamond mines,—with pickaxes, shovels, and other tools, breaking down the ground at the sides of the mine, perched at

various spots, and many a giddy height. Diamond mining at Kimberley is altogether a very wonderful specimen of the development of a new industry. In this mine I had explained to me the various processes, by which diamonds are discovered in the rocky strata which is being constantly dug out of the enormous circular hole, constituting it.

I also visited the celebrated De Beer's Mine. This vast mine, where some thousands of workmen, white and coloured, are employed, is carried on much in the same way as the Bultfontein, as far as the different processes are concerned, of treating the material in which the diamonds are found. It is much richer, however, in "blue ground," and consequently far more valuable results are obtained from it. For instance, the average value of each truck load of stuff from the Bultfontein is said to be about 8s., while from

the De Beer's it is 28s. or 30s. The latter mine is now worked underground, in the same way as copper and coal mines are worked in England. Excellent arrangements are made for the protection and well-being of the native workmen, especially by the introduction of "compounds" during the last year or two. These are vast enclosures, with high walls, where the natives compulsorily reside, after their daily work is done during the whole time they remain at work in the mine. This system has been attended with the most satisfactory results. I went over the De Beer's "compound," where I saw an immense number of natives, all appearing lively, cheerful, and happy. A large number were playing at cards (they are great gamblers), and others amusing themselves in various ways. No intoxicating liquor is permitted to be sold within the "compounds." The weekly receipts for ginger

beer amount to a sum, which seems fabulous, averaging from £60 to £100 a week. The natives can purchase from the "compound" store every possible thing they want, from a tinpot to a blanket, from a suit of old clothes to a pannikin of mealies. Before the establishment of the "compounds," when the natives had the free run of the town, and could obtain alcoholic liquor—on Saturday nights especially, after they had done their work and received their weekly wages—Kimberley was a perfect pandemonium.

An interesting visit was one to the central offices of the United Companies, where I saw the diamonds, as they are prepared ready for sale, lying on a counter in small assorted lots, on white paper. This is a most remarkable sight. The lots, varying from half-a-dozen to twenty, or thirty, or more diamonds, are spread out arranged according to their

estimated value. I took up one, which I was told would probably fetch £1,000, and of which there were several similar ones in the different parcels on the counter. The manager showed me a paper of a sale to the buyers, a day or two before, of a parcel, which was calculated to realise £14,189, and which actually was sold afterwards for £14,150; showing the surprising accuracy of the previous estimate on the part of the experts.

Another day I went to the Central Kimberley Diamond Mine. After going over the mine, my party and myself all "assisted" at the counter in one of the large sheds in picking out diamonds from the heap of small stones just brought up and laid out from the day's washings. It is rather a fascinating occupation, turning over the heap with a little triangular piece of tin held in one hand, and continually "scraped" along the board. I found several

diamonds. We were told, after we had been working diligently for an hour or two—there were six of us—that the value of the diamonds we had found, and placed in the manager's box, was probably £1,200. This seemed to us a good afternoon's work. The entire district of Kimberley seems to teem with diamonds, and yet there is no cessation in the demand for them, and they are still rising in price. Accidents are frequent at these mines, but excellent provision for meeting these misfortunes is made in the admirably conducted Kimberley Hospital (where there are no less than 360 beds for patients), which I visited during my stay. It is under the management of a very remarkable woman, Sister Henrietta, and reflects the greatest credit on everyone connected with its conduct, and support. The number of native cases treated at the Hospital during the year 1887 was 2,975.

Kimberley has risen with immense speed, commencing from what is generally known as a "rush," to a large and prosperous centre of wealth, trade, and commerce. There, where only a few years since, was to be found a collection of tents and small huts, I found a city with handsome buildings, churches, stores, institutions, and law courts, and, above all, a well ordered society. Some of the buildings which I might specially mention, are the Town Hall, the Post Office, the High Court, and the Public Library, which has been in existence about seven years, and is superintended with such excellent results and most gratifying success by the Judge President. One noticeable fact connected with this Library is that the number of works of fiction annually taken out by the subscribers, exceeds, per head of the population, that of any Public Library in the United Kingdom.

The Kimberley Waterworks, which I also visited, have proved a great boon to this part of the Colony. They were erected at a cost of £400,000, the water supply being obtained from the Vaal River, seventeen miles away.

After spending a most pleasant and agreeable week there, I left Kimberley at six o'clock on the morning of June 7, in a wagon drawn by eight horses, and accompanied by five friends, for Warrenton, *en route* for Bechuanaland and the Transvaal. This mode of travelling was quite a novelty to me. Although in this journey of altogether three weeks' duration, we occasionally put up at one or two hotels, at some of the towns, and sometimes at the farmhouses on our way, we frequently "camped out" on the open veldt, and, after finishing our evening meal of the rough-and-ready provisions we carried with us, supplemented by the game we shot, we wrapped

ourselves in our karosses, and slept for the night under the canopy of the starlit sky. I occupied the wagon, my more juvenile companions lying on the ground beneath it.

This was my first experience of sleeping in the open air in a wagon, and this, too, in the depth of a South African winter.

The town of Warrenton is situated on the banks of the Vaal River, and is forty-three miles north of Kimberley. It is at present an unimportant town, but diamond diggings have been recently opened, and it is a good cattle district. It took its name from Sir Charles Warren. Soon after leaving Warrenton we crossed the Vaal River on a pontoon. Here a trooper of the Mounted Police joined us, who was said to be a very crack shot. He rode a charming and well-bred grey horse, and had two admirably trained pointers with him. He offered me his horse to ride, he

taking my place in the wagon. I had a most enjoyable morning's ride on one of the best little hacks I ever mounted, cantering over the veldt in the track of the wagon for about eight or ten miles—through a charming country with a superb view towards Bechuanaland, the veldt being more wooded and picturesque, than I had hitherto seen.

We slept that night at Drake's Farm. Before starting the next morning, I had a long conversation with Mr. Drake. He was born and brought up in London, and was in business with the firm of Moses & Son, of Cheapside, as a traveller. He came out here nine years ago with £10 in his pocket, and travelled up from Port Elizabeth. Mr. Drake is evidently a man of great energy, and perseverance. He has a high opinion of the country, and a great idea of its future. His farm and store

are situated on the borders of Bechuanaland; but he now wishes he had settled there, even in preference to where he is. He laughs at the idea of there being no water. He says there is plenty to be found at from seventeen to twenty-five feet below the surface. But he says it must be dug for. If properly irrigated, it is his opinion that thousands and thousands of tons of mealies might be grown. He is enthusiastic about the beauty of Bechuanaland, and spoke of having seen parts of it in which the charms of English scenery are to be found, and even greater attractions than in many gentlemen's parks in the Old Country. His opinion of the climate is very high. He told me he would on no account exchange his present location, with its dry, pure, and bracing air, so healthful, invigorating, and free, for the chill, and damps, and fogs of England. Mr. Drake was in England during

the year 1887 (the Jubilee year), but he was glad to get back again to his home on the border of Bechuanaland—a very comfortable one, as I can testify from my own personal experience.





BECHUANALAND.

I WAS very much struck with the appearance of the country on first entering Bechuanaland. The vast plain, over which I was then riding on horseback, was bounded by low, sloping hills, covered with brushwood and trees. It suggested to me forcibly the idea of a "land of promise," wanting only an intelligent and energetic people to secure its proper and successful development.

In fact, as a field for settlement, I entirely concur with the remarks of Mr. John Mackenzie, who has worked for so many years in

Bechuanaland, and who states in his recent work, entitled, "Austral Africa"—

"I come now to give my own thoughts as to the capabilities of Bechuanaland as a field for colonisation. My mind reverts at once to thrifty, and laborious people who are battling for dear-life on some small holding in England or Scotland, and who can barely make ends meet. I do not think that any class of men, or men of any colour, endure such hardships in South Africa. There are portions of Bechuanaland where, in my opinion, a body of some hundreds of agricultural emigrants would, like the Scottish settlers in Baviaan's river, some sixty years ago, take root from the first, and make for themselves homes. If they came in considerable numbers, and accompanied by a minister of religion, and possibly a schoolmaster, the children would not be losers by the change, while the church

and school-house would form that centre in South Africa, with which all are familiar in Scotland, and give the people from the first a feeling of home. I would not suggest that such men should be merely agriculturists, but that like most farmers in South Africa they should follow both branches of farming. They would begin with some sheep, or angora goats, and a few cows. In the first instance they would have a freehold in the village, with right of pasturage, and they would also have their farm itself in the neighbourhood, the size of which would depend upon its locality and capabilities. But with the milk of his stock and the produce of his land in maize, millet and pumpkins, the farmer and his family would be, from the first, beyond the reach of want."

For two days more we travelled through the same kind of country, a fine, bold, and

very extensive plain (a promising district for cattle farming), with rolling and undulating hills in the distance, till we reached Vryburg, about a hundred and forty-five miles—in four days—from Kimberley. This is the capital of British Bechuanaland, and the head-quarters of Sir Sidney Shippard, the Administrator. The town itself contains about 500 inhabitants, chiefly Europeans. Here we spent four days. On one of these I was taken by Mr. M—— to visit his fine Bechuanaland farm of 6,000 morgen—12,000 acres—which he has named “Lochnagar.” We left Vryburg at 7.30 a.m., and drove about twelve miles in the direction of Kuruman, reaching Lochnagar Farm about 10 o’clock. While breakfast was preparing, Mr. M—— took me round the nearest part of this excellent and valuable farm. He has had it about three years, and he has already shown the wonderful capabilities for development

which an enterprising proprietor, possessed of some capital, can evolve from farms in Bechuanaland. He first took me into his fruit garden, which he has stocked with fruits of all descriptions. I was particularly struck with the healthy appearance of the wood (it was then the middle of winter) of the trees of all sorts of fruit. He has planted mulberry, apple, pear, apricot, peach, orange, citron, and several other fruits, all of which seem to be growing fast, and taking root vigorously in the soil. A large space is also devoted to a vineyard, as well as another to an orchard.

The farm is well irrigated, there being an abundance of water on it, as I myself saw. After breakfast we walked round the cattle lair, where a large portion of his 200 head of cattle were collected. I was much impressed with the fine appearance of the

stock. Large-framed, stalwart oxen, and fat milch cows were round me on every side during my inspection. I did not notice a single animal that was not in capital condition, and fit for the market—if market there could only be. I next went through a large enclosure, in which there were about forty horses, part of the eighty belonging to Mr. M——. Here I saw several three-year-olds, and brood mares, and colts, all looking well and healthy, and containing several good, well-shaped, and promising specimens of young horseflesh. Mr. M—— has also a flock of one thousand sheep on his farm, but these I did not see, as they were out grazing on the veldt. We then walked to another portion of the farm, lying close to the capital house, built of stone by Mr. M——, to a large “pan,” or lake, in which there were fish caught with a net. These are a sort of carp,

and a black-coloured fish of seven pounds or eight pounds weight, said to be very good eating. I saw in an outhouse a small collapsible boat, which is sometimes used on the lake. In summer, I am told, the farm looks very pretty, with its long stretches of bright green herbage, and wild flowers, and sunny aspect.

Mr. M—— was born at Cape Town. He is of Dutch origin, and is a fine, stalwart-looking man with great energy of character and keen intelligence. He seems well fitted to be a pioneer farmer, to develop the too-long neglected resources of this fertile land. He is about forty-five years of age, and a bachelor. He first arrived on his farm on a Saturday night three years ago, and the next day commenced tree planting. His first trees were thus planted on a Sunday Morning. This was a good omen of the success he deserves, as I remarked to him.

While I was at Vryburg I was also taken by the proprietor of the Vryburg Hotel to see a farm about five miles off, where they were prospecting for gold. Mr. H—— informed me that the reef I saw, was the same description of rock, I should see at Johannesburg. The people in this neighbourhood are very sanguine; I was told that this may prove a great discovery for Bechuanaland.





KLERKSDORP.

HAVING received the same hospitable attention, as elsewhere, at Vryburg, our wagon party once more resumed its journey. Thirty miles brought us to the south-western frontier of the Transvaal, from whence we travelled on, through the most dreary, flat, uninteresting, barren, treeless plain, for two or three days more, sleeping every night on the veldt, until we reached Klerksdorp, about 120 miles from Vryburg. The south-western part of the Transvaal is certainly exceedingly inferior in appearance to what I saw in Bechuanaland.

We remained at Klerksdorp three days. While there I visited one or two of the gold mines of this promising district.

At the Nooitgedacht Mine I saw the process performed of pan washing of the previously crushed quartz. I also went to the stamping house, where a machine for crushing has been erected of twenty stamps. I inspected the mine generally, and its various shafts already sunk. The work appeared to me to be well and systematically conducted. Before leaving this mine the great gold cake lump, weighing 1,370 ozs., which was being forwarded, the day I was there, to the Paris Exhibition, was put into my hands. It seemed a wonderfully big lump of the precious metal, which is so earnestly sought for by every race of civilised man.

I also went over another mine, at present in the early stage of its development, but which

struck me as being conducted, as far as the working management was concerned, on good, sound, business principles—belonging to the Klerksdorp Gold Estates Company.

My stay at Klerksdorp much impressed me with the idea of the future of this town of yesterday's growth. It is only fifteen months ago, (a little more than a year) that the whole of the town on the side of the stream where the Union Hotel is situated, was begun. The inhabitants already number some thousands; and the indications I have seen in the mines, of great prospects of gold being found in large and payable quantities, are very strong. Klerksdorp may yet become a second Johannesburg, whose remarkable and rapid development I was told, would astonish me.